

THE
Bath MISCELLANY.

For the YEAR 1740.

WRÖTE BY

The GENTLEMEN and LADIES
at that PLACE.

CONTAINING

All the LAMPOONS, SATYRS,
PANEGYRICS, &c.

For that YEAR.



BATH:

Printed for W. JONES, and sold by W. LOBE
there; and by JACOB ROBINSON, Bookseller,
in *Ludgate-street*; and the Pamphlet Shops of *Lon-*
don and *Westminster*. 1741

[Price One Shilling.]

THE
BIRD MISCELLANY

For the YEAR 1840

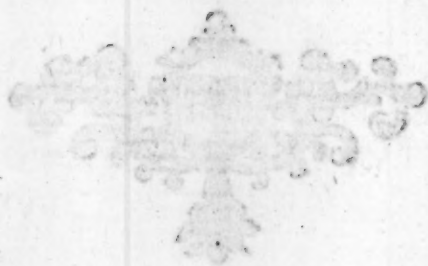
WRITTEN BY

THE GENTLEMANLY AND LADY

at the PLACE

CONTAINING

All the LAMPOONS SATYRES



Printed for W. Jones and Son, 15, Pall Mall

By J. and R. Robinson, 15, Pall Mall

in the Strand, and the Publishers of the

and the Year 1841

[Price One Shilling]

T H E
Publisher's A P O L O G Y
T O T H E
R E A D E R.

THE Publisher of these Amusements of the Gentlemen and Lady's leisure Hours, hopes to stand excused, since his Intentions was to oblige the Publick, by shewing these Specimens of concealed GENIUS's, and to convince *Pope* and *Swift* that there are more Poets in *England* than themselves.

I would by no Means have printed these Sheets, had they contain'd any thing to encourage Vice, or stigmatize any Person's Character; but as they consist of nothing more than Encomiums, and witty Jokes, I hope to be pardoned by the Readers;

Who, am their

most humble Servant,

W. J.

THE
PUBLISHER'S APOLOGY
TO THE
READER.

THE Publisher of these Annals
—ments of the Gentleman and
Lady's letter House, hopes to stand ex-
cused, since his intention was to ob-
lige the Publick, by showing these spe-
cimens of concealed Genius's, and
to convince Pope and Swift that there
are more Poets in England than them-
selves.

I would by no means have printed
these sheets, had they contained any
thing to encourage Vice or illegitimate
any Person's Character; but as they con-
tinue of nothing more than Innocencies,
and witty Jokes, I hope to be pardoned
by the Readers;

Wm. and John
most humble Servants,

W. J.

THE
Bath MISCELLANY.

On Mr. and Mrs. B---gs.

DOATING *Silvenius* in decline of Life,
Took to himself, a youthful airy Wife;
Ye Gods, he cry'd, wou'd you my Wishes grant,
An Heir to my Estate, is what I want?

Some matrimonial Years they past in vain,
She little Pleasure knew, he much Pain:
No hopes of Heirs; and must my Name be dead,
And with my Dust, in dark Oblivion lay'd?
Forbid it Heavens! and you forbid it Dear,
The Coach is ready straight, to Bath repair;
A thousand Pounds, beside the tempting Joy,
Be his reward, that gets the lovely Boy.
She who had always most obedient prov'd,
Denied him not that Instant, how she lov'd!
With all obliging haste, to *Bath* she flew,
There tasted Joys, before she never knew.
Resolv'd her Husband's Wishes to compleat;
The Tall, the Short, she try'd, the Small and Great;
And wond'rous things, she thought might Num-
bers do,

Which never yet could be attain'd by Few.

B

Ah!

Ah! fond Mistake, you see how Floods of Rain
 Makes want the Field, and spoils the tender Grain,
 Whilst gentle Showers, a gentle Moisture gives,
 Makes fruitful Crops, and all the Field revives:
 Wou'd you your Spouse, a joyful Father make,
 Let *H—n* alone your Joys partake.

Take this Advice, the Business may be done,
 And old *Silvenius* glory in a Son.

On Lady *R O S S*.

LET all the Beauties of the World give Place,
 To all commanding *Cluxton's* heav'nly Race;
 Sprung from a God, the lovely *Ross* appears,
 In all the Beauty of her tender Years;
Venus, contending for the Golden Prize,
 To her Perfection, never could arise;
 For Nature here has us'd her utmost Art,
 Nor can she one more Grace, to *Ross* impart:
 Divinely Good, inevitably Fair,
 Attractive Sweetness, with a graceful Air;
 She seems to have been, Heaven's peculiar Care.
 In some you Wit, in some you Beauty find,
 The Body this adorns, and that the Mind;
 But here in *Ross* you see them all enjoin'd.

On Mr. H---ley.

AN antient Sage, in Rules of Wisdom vers'd,
 Justly prescrib'd, Self-Knowledge as the first;
 But Conscious thou, what Pennance it must Cost,
 To make Acquaintance with a Soul so lost,
 Do'st still, the salutary Science shun,
 Which my officious Zeal, at length makes known.
 Scorn'd by the Wise, detested by the Good,
 Nor understanding cught, nor understood;
 Prophane, Obscene, Lew'd, Frivolous, and Pert
 Proud without Spirit, Vain without Desert;
 Affecting Passions, thou hast long subdu'd,
 Desperately Gay, and impotently Lew'd:
 And as thy weak Companions round thee sit,
 By Eminence in Folly, deem'd a Wit.



An Enquiry into the said Gentleman's
Real Merits.

H—by whom I, to all Mankind prefer,
Thou great Original in Character,
Prithee, for once be serious with thy Friend,
And if thou can'st, inform me to what End,
Thou to thy real Merits most unjust,
Do'st cause a general, undeserv'd Disgust,
Odious to all, by thy Behaviour grown,
But those to whom, thy worthy Soul is known:
Why seem'st thou fond, of a disgraceful Fame,
Yet in thy Nature, scorn'st an act of Shame.
Where most thou lov'st, of Scandal most profuse,
Thy Friendship Honest, why thy Converse loose;
Why laugh at Honour, yet its Rules observ'st,
Affect Ill-nature, yet with Pleasure crost.
Why acts thy Tongue, opponent to thy Mind,
Thy Speech abusive, whilst thy Heart is kind;
And unprovok'd where'er thou do'st appear,
Resolve'st right, or wrong to be severe.
Fops, and Coquets, to lash, why not content,
Do'st level Satyr, at the Innocent.
If 'tis superior Talent, to display,
You've Power to do't a more engaging Way:

Your

Your natural Parts, have such uncommon Force,
 Leave Singularity, you'll shine of Course;
 And Manners with your Understanding blend,
 You'll never make a Foe, nor want a Friend.

Mr. H---y's ANSWER to the aforesaid
 SATYR.

WHO'ERE thou art, who with such Warmth
 upbraid,
 Poor injur'd Virtue's unavailing Aid;
 That preach Reflection, to a Wretch undone,
 And whilst you lash my Follies, prove your own;
 Know that I pity your successless Zeal,
 Nor form'd by Nature, nor inclin'd to feel.
 I see my self, but to what Purpose see?
 Deaf to all Truth and Sense, as Sense to me,
 Still may you mark my Errors, still improve,
 As impotent in Hate, as I in Love;
 I stand but single, stigmatiz'd by thee,
 But Man himself, is satiriz'd in me:
 I laugh at all your Vengeance can impart,
 You'd change my Countenance, e're change my
 Heart;
 Nor care I by what Rules, my Deeds you scan,
 Alike the reprobate to God, and Man.

On Miss. *H A W S*.

FAIR but not Vain; tho' Witty yet not Lew'd;
 Rich without Pride, without dissembling
 Good.

The PLATONICK LOVERS, in-
 scribed to *T. H---* and Miss *G--*.

IN Boys Attire, *Tbalestria* boldly moves;
 With more than female Softness, *Damon* loves;
 A true Platonick Love, they well may boast;
 Since the Distinction of each Sex is lost.

On playing at SHUTTLE-COCK.

I.

SAY Muse how *C---*, and *El---* Sport,
 And what befel the Dame,
 The chafteft Ear, my Tale may hear,
 Nor blush to read the same.

II. It

The *Bath* MISCELLANY. 7

II.

It is a Play, that in Noon-day
Each Nymph may do't, that fancies;
'Tis very true, and nothing new,
To see some odd Mischances.

III.

Face to Face, at equal Space,
What they do is standing;
He strokes the Cock, then gives a Knock,
There's little need of handling.

IV.

He lays it o're, with Battledore,
And aims it at her Heart;
To avoid the Blow, she stoop'd so low,
She let a swinging F—t.

V.

But soon our Esquire began to tire,
To save the drooping Cock,
She stept aside, with Legs so wide
She rent her Holland Smock.

VI.

Her Sex advise, that she'll be wise
And have done with Shuttle-Cock;
She answer'd short, I'll have my Sport
Tho' I do it without a Smock.

On the GAME of *W H I S K*.

HOW true those Cards Life represent!
 'Tis all in Tricks, and Honours spent:
 We Shuffle, Cut, and deal about,
 Till all the Stock of Life runs out:
 The Ace, the King, the Queen, the Knave,
 Command the Board, and Privilege crave;
 The rest from single Ten, to Duce, and Tray,
 Humble Obedience to the Higher pay;
 The Court Grandees ride Tyrants of the Play:
 These sweep the Stakes, and hold in Hand,
 Whate'er is Trump, a strong Command;
 Call a new Pack, it's all the same,
 These Lordly Chiefs controul the Game:
 Then learn to follow Suit, and mind your play,
 To answer Leaders, is the safest way;
 Deal true, play fair, your Rep. and Fortune save,
 The worst of all the Honours is a Knave.



Occasioned by seeing a PARSON play
at *Pharoah*, and deliver'd to him on
a CARD, while at play.

A *Levite* Gaming, makes the Saying true,
The Harvest plenteous, but the Lab'ours
few.

Does Tables please you? *Moses's* does produce,
Tables much fitter, for a *Levite's* Use.

S A Y S *Bacchus* to *Cupid*, Who has got the
handsom'st Face?

Says *Cupid*, D--n ye, are you Blind, can't you see
Miss *B--ce*.

Wrote upon a WINDOW at the Rooms
in BATH.

V I R T U E is banish'd from *Bath*, Ah!
ye Powers,

J--y shews his S--s, and *B--n* her F--rs.

Extempore upon a Watch.

COULD we our Tempers, move like this
Machine,
Not urg'd by Passion, nor delay'd by Spleen;
But true to Nature's regulating Power,
By virtuous Acts, distinguish every Hour;
Then Health, and Wealth, would follow as they
ought,
The Laws of Motion and the Laws of Thought:
Sweet Health to pass the present Moments o're,
And everlasting Joy, when Time shall be no more.

To Miss *Jefferys*, Junior;
On seeing her DANCE. Wrote in
the ROOMS.

I.

MUSE, see thy favourite darling Child,
Brisk, pleas'd, and innocently Gay,
To all good natur'd, gentle, mild,
And blooming as the first of *May*.

II. Still

The Bath MISCELLANY. II

II.

Still view her in the active Round,
With Lightning flashing from her Eyes,
The graceful Hand, the well-tun'd Round,
She leaves the Room in just Surprize.

III.

The Shepherd thus with Pleasure sees
His Lambs, as white as driven Snow,
Bound o're the Lawn, frisk round the Trees,
Increase in Strength, in Stature grow.

IV.

With Care he screens them from the Cold,
The Radix of a beauteous Stock,
At Night he drives them to the Fold
The future Mistress of a Flock.

V.

Muse play the Friend, and now advise,
This new-blown Bud, this rising Fair,
Bid her be Good, be Just, be Wise,
And tread this earthly Maze with Care.

VI.

Improve apace her native Worth
With Morals from the well-pen'd Page,
Increase in Virtue, as in Growth,
And rise the Mirrour of her Age.

Miss Betty Jeffery's Answer to the
Author of the aforesaid Verses.

I.

TO you my Guide, tho' unknown Friend,
My Gratitude is justly due,
Those Virtues which you recommend,
With Care I'll study to pursue.

II.

And tho' I boast no innate Worth,
Your Morals, in each well-pen'd Line,
Ingrafted early, may call forth,
Fair Fruit, from out the rudest Vine.

On a Lady's wearing a GIRDLE with
this M O T T O.

Liberty, Property, and no Excise.

I.

SINCE Men may now have free Access
To what they Love most Dear;
Since over that, I won't express,
She does a Ticket wear:

II. Wherein

II.

Wherein she grants free Liberty,
By open Proclamation;
And tells us, the whole Property,
Is at her own Donation,

III.

There's no Excise, or Fees to pay,
But all on free Condition;
You may be welcome Night and Day,
And have a free Admission.

Answer to a Letter, to a *Lady* in the
Country, desiring to hear the *Bath*
News.

YOUR Letter *Amenta*, charm'd me as I read,
Each lively Sentence struck a pleasing Dread;
Your rural Scene, so delicately drawn;
I sigh for Groves, and for a flow'ry Lawn;
And Blush to think! wishing I could delay;
But you commanded, and I must obey,
To tell the Scenes of Life I daily View,
Amid'st a Number, or a scatter'd Few.

Here roving Scandal has its regal Seat,
And Pride, and Arrogance supports its State;

Curtizana

Curtzana here, that Sponge of filthy Lust,
 Struts in a Sack, and thinks her self August:
 Here that Wretch, who has Infamy out-done,
 Who I View with Terror, and with Caution shun,
 So great's the Power of Wealth, at Rooms and
 Ball,

Gives Tea, makes Parties, and out-brazons all:
 Judge then how low the Ebb of Wit, and Sense,
 How absent soft Politeness must be hence:

How VIRTUE Blooms, and MERIT gains Applause;
 How, harmless INNOCENCE supports its Cause.
 Alas! Prophane's the Thought, to Name it here;
 Here's none, but think its Character severe.

VIRTUE's a Bubble, which only Husbands Tool,
 And who is INNOCENT, must be a Fool.

But who would Merit claim, and bear the Bell,
 Must talk in double Sense, obscenely well;
 Has read *Curl's* Pamphlets, and the Gallant S—
 With *Haywood's* Novels, and the wanton Dreamer;
 Take Snuff at Church, and sneer if C— Preacheth,
 And call it all Bumbast, the Pulpit teacheth;
 Admire *Drummond*, and think free in all,
 Deny St. *Matthew*, and bely St. *Paul*;
 Laugh lowd at Smutt, love Play, and doat on
 Slander,

And she'll be call'd *Lucretia*, or *Cassandra*.

Wrote

Wrote on Miss *B—*'s Window.

AH! Death thou pleasing End to Human Woe,
Thou Cure for Life, thou greatest Good
below ;

Still may'st thou Fly, the Coward and the Slave,
And thy soft Slumbers only bless the Brave.

On Miss *TALBOT*'s conversing with a
Lawyer at *Bath*.

I.

FROM Weight of sordid venal Cares
The wearied Pleader flies,
From Inn's of Court, to *Bath* repairs
To fall by radiant Eyes.

II.

Where're he goes, a *Talbot*'s found,
In brightest Lustre plac'd ;
For Wisdom on the Bench renown'd,
And here with Beauty grac'd.

III. Nor

III.

Nor boast she only Shape, and Air,
The Arts her Mind adorn;
The Charms of this accomplish'd Fair
A single Triumph Scorn.

IV.

Pleaser, behold thy Laws are vain,
In Liberty's Defence,
For none can fly the double Chain
Of Beauty, and of Sense.

To *Richard Nash*, Esq;

WHEN *Satyr* strives to blast the fair One's
Fame,
Thy generous Care defeats the Writer's aim;
But when the Muse, to Beauty, Homage pays,
With equal Ardour, you proclaim that Praise.

Upon

Upon a Gentleman's being observ'd never to go to Church 'till Miss *Potter* came to *Bath*; then he went twice a Day constant, as She.

THE first fair Eve, by Beauty's powerful Sway
Forc'd from his Paradise our Sire away,
But *Potter's* Charms, for other Ends were given,
Leads to the hallow'd Doom, and thence to Heaven.

Upon Miss. *M O O R*.

THIS is the *Paphian*, this the *Idalian* Grove,
Here reigns triumphant the great Queen of Love;
'Tis here the Queen of Love exerts her Sway,
And to her Power, we willingly obey;
No longer *Cyprian Venus*, is her Name,
'Tis *Moor*, that lights in every Heart a Flame.

An Address of Thanks to Sir S--- P---
for a Ball. By a Lady.

TH E Ladies order'd me in Name of all,
To thank Sir S--- for his splendid Ball ;
This is, the smallest Homage in our Power,
Our Hearts we gave a Sacrifice before :
We're pleas'd to see him carry every Cause
And whilst he reigns despotick, gains Applause ;
Who but Sir S---, or a Demi God,
Can shew such Crowds subservient to his Nod,
Or over-look poor Animals of Earth,
And pay the Tribute due to noble Birth :
But tho' to please, his Study was employ'd,
Our fickle Sex, was hardly satisfied ;
E'en some complain'd, their Partners came too far,
Untitled, Garter'd, destitute of Star ;
But whence, or what, it matter'd not three F--s,
Since they was Men of celebrated Parts :
The previous Question being put we prov'd
The distant Bliss for Souls who are belov'd ;
But envious Fates, for ever have decreed
That such Affairs as ours, shou'd not succeed ;
Through prudish M---s, all of us was fob'd,
And forc'd to go before we had been job'd.

The *Bath* MISCELLANY. 19

A SONG, occasioned by a Bull's running
into the P U M P - R O O M.

THE Sire of the Gods, as Old has Sung,
Fell in Love with a Heifer, both Milk-
white and Young;

But still what's more true, and likewise odd is,
I sing how a Bull fell in Love with a Goddess.

Derry down, &c.

This Bull as he was like an over-grown Calf,
Came to *Bath* to be roasted, but first let us laugh;
He call'd at the Pump-Room to visit the Fair,
For those that wore Horns, he found might come
there.

Derry down, &c.

A Doctor starts up in a damnable Fright,
Quoth the Pumper ne'er stir, we are two, let us
fight:

As 'tis not the *Pope's* Bull, the Doctor reply'd,
I'm not bound to bait him, ye Dog stand aside.

Derry down, &c.

20 The *Bath* MISCELLANY.

The Ladies all screaming he left in the Lurch,
For he found 'twas high time, to take care of
the Church ;

Then bequeathing the Bull in his own stead among
'em,
His short Leg he said, run away from his long one.

Derry down, &c.

Cry'd Doctor *K---r*, in a Tone most sonorous,
This Bull is Horn-mad, tho' the Sun's not in *Taurus*,
As he's *C---*'s Patient, and feeds upon Grass,
If I don't do his Business, d'ye see I'm an Ass.

Derry down, &c.

Lady *Mary* our Bull singled out from the rest,
For Beauty can tame the most unruly Beast,
Then respectfully stop'd, and seem'd to observe
her,

As though he was proud he was a Bull to serve
her.

Derry down, &c.

But though our Divine in this dreadful Quandary,
Permitted the Bull to attack Lady *Mary*,
Yet Doctor you still have great Reason to fear,
That the next when you meet, you'll be baited
by her.

Derry down, &c.

Yet

Yet after all this, let me still crave the Favour
To commend the bold Doctor's courageous Beha-
viour,
Since the Hero whom *Homer* took so much delight
in
Was as fam'd for his running, as much as his
fighting.

Derry down, &c.

As the Battle quoth *Hudibras* turns to a Chace,
'Tis he wins the Day, who can but win the Race;
Hence Doctor the Proof is substantial and full,
Tho' you did run away, that you still beat the Bull.

Derry down, &c.

On Mr. NASH's going from the *Bath*.

I.

AS *Chloe* by a River's Side
Sat pensive all alone,
Watching the calmer Stream to glide,
While thus she made her Moan.

II.

Ah! *Pollydore*, within my Breast
I find a sudden Change,
Since you the fatal News exprest,
To leave bright *Phæbus* Plains.

III. Genteel

III.

Genteel Example will no more
Our soft Amusements crown,
Vain Fops will soon usurp a Power,
Contending with each Clown.

IV.

The fair Assembly thus will be
Into Confusion hurl'd,
Like second *Babylonians* we,
Shall have a Jargon World.

V.

These rough unpolish'd Scenes appear
Already in my View,
For ah! *Minerva* will, I fear,
In Absence be with you.

VI.

Teach me thou Goddess how to Sing
The Praise of *Pollydore*,
Whilst chanting Mimicks on the Wing,
His Virtues shall explore.

VII.

No Orphans Tears are shed in Vain,
At his too friendly Gate,
Their Parents less they well sustain
Whilst he commiserate.

VIII. The

VIII.

The Wretched Living, thus he saves,
In hospitable Way,
And even when Dead, provides 'em Graves,
To lay their senseless Clay.

IX.

Kind Caution dwells upon his Tongue
With a paternal Care;
He grieves to see the Dangers run
By each unthinking Fair.

X.

I fear brave *Nash*, you strive in Vain,
Those Evils to prevent;
Woman from Vice cou'd ne'er refrain
When once their Minds are bent.

XI.

Forgive me on the Female Cause
To Judgment more refine,
To yield thy Merits just Applause
I consciously Resign.

XII.

Thus *Chloe* rais'd her drooping Head,
And sighing! bid Adieu,
Thy quick return, Dear *Nash*, she said,
All my Joys in View.

Mrs.

Mrs. C---'s Complaint for the Loss of
the ACE of HEARTS.

TO the ill-natur'd Young, or envious Old,
To whomsoe're my wretched Tale be told,
Consider this, and share with me the Pain,
Robb'd of your dearest Joys what Torment you'd
sustain.

Philosophers may boast their idle Scheme,
And feed on Herbs, and drink the common Stream,
Still they've a Passion, Ambition is their Flame,
To get themselves enroll'd to lasting Fame.

Mine be your Jest, yet bravely I'll impart,
Tho' wild Distraction circles round my Heart;
The Shrine *Fair Chance*, there I did strictly pay,
My Adoration each revolving Day;
Whom I've endow'd, with all my earthly Store,
And plunder'd ev'ry Friend, to give it more.
When no Supplies, and dormant lay my Purse,
I to my Trinckets oft have had Recourse:
They, for a Season, would my Wants supply,
And charming Hope, still sparkled in my Eye:
My Nights were lovely, and my Dreams divine,
Triumphs of Gold, I gather'd from the Shrine:
All other Joys, insipid were in Nature,
My darling Lap Dog became a worthless Creature;
My Squirrel unchain'd, regardless I let stray,
My Pugg without a Tear I gave away:

Men oft-times sued in vain, with various Arts,
To seduce me from my charming Ace of Hearts,
To no Effect, I baffled all their Skill,
I scorn'd their Offers, and pursued my Will.
But now the Morn brings on the Day of Woe,
What Tongue can tell, what Breast but mine
can know;

Omens fore-warn'd me of the fatal Hour,
My Pendant from my Ear, drop'd on the Floor;
Next did I see, and in the self-same Day,
A crooked Pin, whose Point towards me lay;
My under Petticoat, was wrong-side out,
And from my Nose a Drop, confirm'd my Doubt:
No more shall I, alas! my Fear's too true,
The gay Machine, nor rolling Iv'ry View:
By rude and savage Hands it is convey'd,
Up to some gloomy Garret's Cobweb'd Shade.
Ah! may some Spider's Venom swell that Tongue,
That spoke against thy Frame, so neatly hung;
For what Injustice could be in the Shrine,
Where Lawyers, Physicians, and e'en the Di-
vine,

Their Homage pay'd, as free as I paid mine.
I could it's loss a live-long Age explore,
But, now, my Fears invade, and I can add no
more.

To Mr. *Robinson*, drawing Miss *Willis's*
PICTURE.

Presumptuous Man, how can'st thou dare to
Draw,

Lines such as *Greece's* Masters never saw;
Not *Hellen's* self, that caus'd a ten Year's War,
Boasted a Form so just, a Face so Fair.

'Tis said, the *Grecian* Artist was so warm'd,
With *Venus's* Form, which he himself had form'd,
As rashly to embrace, those lifeless Charms,
And vainly thought the Goddess in his Arms;
Thou too by thy Art's Privilege may'st gaze,
Ah! happy Art, upon that heavenly Face:
May'st vainly hope, that thou has catch'd the
Thought,

Pleas'd with the first Conception of the Draught;
But as the *Grecian* grasp'd an empty Form,
And found those Features cold, that look'd so
warm,

So will her Charms thy Pencil's Art elude,
And thou but paint the Goddess in a Cloud.

On Miss NORRIS.

THREE Goddesses long since on *Ida's* Hill,
Set with young *Paris*, playing at Qua-
drille;

The Shepherd held the Hand, but who to call,
That was the Doubt, Contention, fatal Ball,
Each Fair-One had a Suit to recommend,
And strove with all their Art to be the Friend:
Diamonds prov'd Monarch, *Juno*, wafts on high,
Emblem of Wealth, of Power, and Quality;
But *Pallas*, hoping to inspire the Youth,
With Love of Modesty and Zeal for Truth,
Shew'd him the Majesty of Spades, thereby
Inviting him to Pains, and Industry,
Whilst *Venus*, practising her usual Arts
Glanc'd at him first the Sovereign of Hearts:
But had the lovely *Norris* been but there,
So sweet a Face, and such a graceful Air
Would soon have fixt the Choice, in her we see
All the Perfections of each Deity:
There is no Joy, but what her Presence brings,
And play who will, still she holds all the Kings.

A Tale on Miss K. C, by Mr. Mariot.

(*Pastora* Metamorphis'd into Snow.)

WHEN Icy Chains, forbad the Streams to
Flow,
And Forrests glitter'd in white Robes of Snow,
A rural Swain, with fair *Pastora* stray'd
O're Hills of Snow, and thro' the frozen Glade:
Thou piercing Frost, the tender Virgin spare,
Her's are not Limbs for Isicles to bear.
Oft with soft Voice the loving Shepherd cry'd,
His Hand supporting her on ev'ry Side,
Her slippery Steps, with safety still to Guide.
When to the Topmost Height, he safe convey'd,
O're Heaps of Ice, and Snow, the affrighted Maid,
A gentle Kiss, he begg'd with ardent Prayer,
The Recompence of all his watchful Care:
The eager Shepherd rush'd to snatch the Bliss,
The coy Nymph ran, to shun the coming Kiss;
With Speed she flew, and flying prostrate fell,
With Grief, the Sequel of the Tale I tell:
Lest he should seize her, as she prostrate lay,
To change her Form, she did to *Venus* pray:
O *Venus*, from this Shepherd me defend,
Be mine, as once you was fair *Daphne's* Friend.
The Goddess stern reply'd, I'll grant thy Pray'r,
Thy foolish Wish, another Form to wear;

In vain to thee, my choicest Gifts are given,
As much ador'd in Earth, as I in Heaven,
Thou cold coy Maid, thou still shal't colder grow;
So saying, she transform'd her into Snow.

The Shepherd baulk'd, and fixt in sad Surprise,
Beheld the sudden Change with wond'ring Eyes;
Still as she chang'd, her changing Form he press'd,
And still he seem'd to strain her snowy Breast;
When he perceiv'd the Nymph all lost in Snow,
Great was his Fright, but greater still his Woe,
To Floods of Tears, and Sighs, he gave a Vent,
Nor wou'd the Snow to Tears or Sighs relent;
Now stiff congeal'd, a snowy Heap it lies,
On yonder Hill, that touch the neighbouring
Skies,

The Nymph's coy Virtue there it still retains,
Nor yields to courling Gales, nor soothing Rains;
Nor can the Sun, when he his Beams displays
E'er melt it with the Force of all its Rays.

The MORAL.

Ye bashful Virgins, who these Lines peruse,
By this Example warn'd, attend my Muse,
Nor to your faithful Swains, a Kiss refuse.
Like Phœbus *Mariot* writes, like Phœbus loves,
The Nymph is Coy, but much his Verse approves,
Poor flymsy Paper, Parchment Lines are strong,
Write, Sign, and Seal, a Fiddle for a Song.

Occasioned by Mrs *Nun's* leaving
BATH.

A lovely *Nun*, but yet no cloister'd Fair,
 Her Sex's Patron, and my fondest Care,
 This Day has quitted the *Idalian* Grove
 And left forsaken every Scene of Love.
 Musick! no more can charm one anxious Thought,
 That once a thousand lov'd Ideas wrought;
 Quadrille, no more my leisure Hours shall waste,
 A party Quarry, is no more my Taste,
 From whence essential Pleasures I've possess'd,
 Thro' every secret Region of my Breast.
 When leave she crav'd, of whom she might command,
 Conscious I bow'd, and past a Solo Hand,
 Then silent curs'd the Cards, and Luck abus'd,
 As an ill Omen, to the Fate I chus'd:
 But quick revers'd, the King of Hearts she calls
 And from my Hand the Paper Monarch falls;
 This short Ally, my flattering Hope improves
 And deem'd an Emblem of our future Loves,
 And why Reflection, dost thou croud in View,
 Each past, each pleasing Incident anew,
 To a fond Bosom, that can Ill sustain,
 Ah! cruel Absence thy intensive Pain:
 Yet Absence I defy thy utmost Power,
 Some Joys remain, which thou shalt ne'er devour:
 Nor Time, nor Distance, ever shall controul,
 For still I'll court her Image in my Soul.

On

On Mrs. SPENCER.

WHO'RE by Merit, just Applause
 would gain,
 Spencer's Example learns them, to obtain
 Humility, with unaffected Pride,
 Smiles on her Cheek, and in her Eye reside,
 By Education most refin'dly wrought
 Distinguish'd Reason, rules her Laws of Thought.
 Flow on ye Streams, balsamick Fountains spring
 To her pale Cheeks their usual Colour bring,
 Revive and heal the Fair, I'll ask no more,
 And I for ever will your Worth explore.



By

By Sir *W— Y—g*, when expell'd his
MISTRESS at *Bath*.

THUS *Adam* look'd, when from the Gar-
den driven,
And thus! disputed Orders sent from Heaven.
Hard was his Fate, but mine is more unkind,
His Eye went with him, but mine stays behind,



Upon Capt. L--y.

SINCE Girls of Twelve or Thirteen only
 Charm,
 And L--sey's Bosom, with Love's Fire warm,
 What cruel Torments must those Virgins move,
 Whose riper Years excludes them from his Love.
 Fifteen Despairs! nay Thirteen, scarce can Boast,
 She ever was, the charming *Lindsey's* Toast:
 And I alas! have twenty Winters told,
 What sad Misfortune 'tis to be so old.
 Tell me then *Lindsey*, by what powerful Art,
 Those little young Ones, steal away thy Heart:
 If 'tis their Conversation you admire,
 I, then may hope, to kindle up a Fire:
 For you may see by this, that now and then,
 I can be foolish, as a Girl of Ten.

F

To

To Miss C O B B.

UNmeaning Features, and a Baby Face,
 May please a Fop, and deify a *B—e*;
 Such I despise; but *Cobb* has greater Charms;
 Her Sense engages, and her Person warms.
 Sitting, and Silent, one may well admire;
 But when she speaks I love, when Dance's fire;
 Good Nature guides each Word, each Motion ease,
 In all she does, 'tis natural to please.
 To Charms like these alone I'll be sincere,
 Tho' *Groves* condemn me, and tho' *Hamond* sneer.



An ACROSTICK on a Name.

By Miss M---r.

L Oynacicus lew'd, entirely void of Shame,
I nsolent, Bold, insufferably Vain;
N otorious Coward, yet wou'd pass for Brave,
D ares all Mankind, yet fearful as a Slave,
S evere in Censure, studious to Declaim,
E ach Virtue, that has rais'd another's Fame;
Y et hopes for Praise by meriting Disdain.



36 The *Bath* MISCELLANY.

The *Christ Cross Row*, calculated for the
Meridian of the City of *Bath*.

SINCE 'tis Sir your Request, that I fend you
my Thought,
Of some late Town Proceeding--- I'm afraid to
say Fault,

And because 'twas not long since a thing much
in Vogue,

By the help of our Horn-Book, to point at the R-,
I now chuse to tread in the Steps of my Betters,
And you can't fail to think me, a Person of Letters:

When great A, stands for A--d--n, or an A--h--n,
B, bids you beware, or you'll scarce save your
Bacon:

C, the Clergy thump Cushion, and roar about
Conscience,

But D, their D-n'd Tricks makes it plain 'tis
meer Nonsense:

When Esquire with E, squirts at Justice and M--r,
F, shews flat and plain, things are not carried Fair:
When G, stands for Gown, both in Church and in
State,

H, soon tells you Honesty's quite out of Date.

I, us'd to spell Justice, which should keep Knaves
in fear,

But K, kicks it out, 'tis of no Justice here.

What

The *Bath* MISCELLANY. 37

What tho' L, stands for Law, you its Force can
evade,

For M, points out M--r and M--r and M--d.

N, in Trials of Blood, is a thing of no Name,

For an Oath, and an Office, begin just the same:

Let the poor pimping Priest, hunt Preferment in
View,

Yet we find how he'll Quibble, when Folks want
their Due.

When R, calls Revenge, for Blood barb'rously spilt,

S, swears 'tis a Shame, to countenance Guilt:

The poor sneeking Thief, that steals for small Gains,

Is soon prov'd a Villain, and hang'd for his Pains.

Be Murder bare-fac'd, with a Witness, committed,

Palm your X, and II's, and the hang Dog's acquitted.

Y, says, Wonders are work'd by the Help of the

Yellows,

Or Zounds, else quoth Q, M--d had ne'er scap'd

the Gallows.



By

38 The *Bath* MISCELLANY.

By Mr. *Brown*, on Miss *Bird*'s breaking
her LOOKING-GLASS.

SOON as artful Curl was set,
Which gave every Charm a Whet,
Finish'd *Chloe* from her Glass,
To the Rooms, made hast to pass;
There in Card-Room, or at Ball,
To be gaz'd upon by all;
When her Mirrour, or bely'd,
Quite enamour'd, to her cry'd,
Lovely *Chloe* prithee stay,
Turn again your Eyes this Way,
Turn again, and gaz'd on me,
I shall shew thy self to thee:
Let a thousand Poets write,
Praising each, thy red and white;
Let a thousand Lovers tell,
How all others you excell;
Still my *Chloe*, they must be,
Short of Truth, and short of thee;
Short of both, for I, my Fair
Only shew, how sweet you are.
Ah! that I some Way could find,
To reflect, thy gentle Mind:
To lay ope the lovely Shrine,
And disclose the Soul Divine,

Soul

ing Soul, where see, that's good and sweet,
Every Grace and Virtue meet;
Soul well suited to the Face,
Treasure worthy, such a Case.

More it would have spoke they say,

But that *Chloe* run away;

Run away, and blushing Swore,

It should see her Face no more.

Hard indeed, those Words to hear,

Words, that none from her could bear;

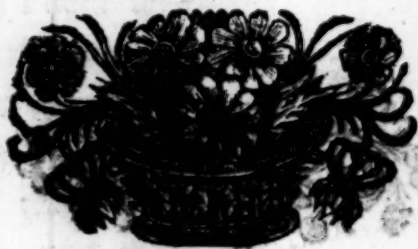
Down it fell on'ts own accord,

And never spoke another Word.



The ANSWER by Mr. *VEAL*.

TOO angry Fair, it would provoke a Saint,
 When stupid Poets dare pretend to paint,
 In lamest Verse, the Charms of Beauty's Bird:
 Why *Pope* or *Milton*, such a Task had fear'd;
 And tho' Dear *Brown*, your pleas'd to stile me
 Veal,
 Whose's greatest Calf, I'll to the Fair appeal.



L. A Quarrel between two LADIES
at *BATH*.

WOMEN fall out they know not why,
And Friends by the same Rule ;
But fair *Curtzana* dar'd to say,
Betanna was a Fool.

Which piqu'd the little *Betan's* Pride
To hear her Wisdom damn'd,
For all she knew *Curtzana* ly'd,
Yet still she wish'd her hang'd:

And gave a Smile to let her know
How much she did despise her,
Yet govern'd tyrant Temper so,
To prove of two, the Wiser.

This harmless Smile was deem'd a Sneer,
Curtzana angry flew,
Betanna found a Storm was near,
And lissen'd to her Cue.

In fiery Pomp, *Curtzana* cry'd,
D'ye know, pray, who I am ;
Yes mighty well, *Betanna* said,
Your Precedency and Fame.

G

My

My Fame, pray have a Care,
 To raise my Indignation,
 Or give your Tongue the Loofe to dare,
 To touch my Reputation.

No, *Madam*, that I never can,
 Unless I'd *Bacon's Art*;
 To find things loft fo long ago
 Muft be the Wizard's Part.



REBUS's on NAMES.

WHAT makes us a Fire, and washes our
Clothes,
Is the Name of a Lady that hazards her Nose:
And the best of the Calf, and what carries Men
to Jail,
Is the Name of a Man that is ty'd to her Tail.

A N O T H E R.

WHAT Children delight in, and Men
us'd to build Houses,
Is the Name of two Girls that much do want
Spoufes.

F I N I S.



The Daily Miscellany 43

News on N.A.M.E.

W HAT makes us a Hero, and what our
Clothes,

Is the Name of a Lady that stands her Head:
And the best of the City, and what comes Men

to Jail,
Is the Name of a Man that is ty'd to her Tail.

Another

W HAT Cries right in, and Men
21 DE 64
to bind Heroes,

Is the Name of two Girls that much do want
Spokes

FINIS